

## DRAG EARTH ROADS MAKE \$10,000 IN CHEAPEST SAYS GOVERNMENT EIGHT YEARS BY RAISING COWS

Old Fashioned Road Drag, Says Bureau of Roads, is Most Useful Maintenance Implement Yet Devised.

Washington, July 27.—The road drag is the simplest and least expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining earth roads, according to the experts in the United States department of agriculture who are co-operating with state and county authorities in work for better roads.

Properly used, the drag gives the needed crown to the road, smooths out ruts and other irregularities, spreads out puddles of water, thereby accelerating the drying of the road, and makes the surface more impervious to water by smoothing over the so-called pores in the earthy material. The cost of operation depends, of course, upon local conditions and the thoroughness with which the work is done. It is safe to say, however, that it is less expensive than any other efficient system of upkeep.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 597, of the department of agriculture, discusses under the title of "The Road Drag and How It Is Used" the best methods of maintaining earth roads in good condition by this simple device. In this bulletin, which has just been published, the department points out that of more than 2,000,000 miles of public roads in the United States only about 200,000 miles have been given a hard surface. It is true, of course, that a large part of the remaining mileage consists of roads that are entirely unimproved, and that on roads of this class the drag is practically useless. There is a much larger mileage, however, that has been partially improved, and it is on roads of this character—roads that have not been crowned or drained, but have not a hard surface—that the use of the drag is advocated.

In its simplest form, the road drag consists of an ordinary log split in half and the two halves connected like the uprights of a ladder by means of cross sticks or rungs set in. The log should be about 7 to 8 inches in diameter, and from 6 to 8 feet in length. It is better to have it of well-seasoned, hard, tough wood. The two semi-circular halves of the log form the runners of the drag, and are usually spaced from 20 to 25 inches apart. The front runner is always placed with the split surface of the wood facing forward, but the rear runner sometimes has its rounded face in front. This is done in order to increase the smearing action of the drag as it passes over the surface of the road.

The two runners are not placed directly behind each other, but are "offset," as it is called, from 12 to 16 inches. This is done because the drag is drawn over the road at an angle sufficient to make the runners free themselves of the material which they scrape. The amount of this angle or skew depends, of course, upon the condition of the road. By offsetting the runners it is possible to make their ends follow approximately the same line on the road, which they would not do if they were set directly behind each other and the drag drawn at an angle with the road.

In order to provide standing room for the man, it is usual to nail two boards down upon the rungs parallel to the runners. Standing upon these a skilful driver will bear his weight in such a way as to aid materially in the successful operation of the drag.

The drag is drawn by a chain which should be about 8 feet long. This can be fastened by eyebolts at each end of the front runner, or one end of the chain can pass through a hole at the discharge end of the front runner, and the other end be hooked over the ring at the cutting end of the runner. It is important that the hitching link should be so designed that its position can be changed readily. It is also desirable to provide a metal cutting edge for the front runner. This can be made from a strip of iron or steel, and old wagon tires have frequently proved satisfactory.

The cost of such a drag varies from \$2 to perhaps \$10 or \$12. This practically insignificant outlay will secure an implement that will be of great service to the community for at least three or four years. The drag cannot be overlooked, however, that skill in the use of the drag is indispensable.

The angle that the runners make with the center line of the road, the skew angle, as it might be called, is an important factor. For example, if the dragging is done to increase the crown of the road, the drag should be sufficiently skewed to discharge all material as rapidly as it is collected on the runners. On the other hand, the conditions may be such that it is desirable to carry along this material in order to deposit it where there are depressions in the road's surface. An intelligent operator will soon learn many ways of controlling the action of the drag. The length of the hitching chain, the disposition of the operator's weight, the time when the dragging is done, all these exert a marked influence upon the results.

As to the time for dragging, a safe rule to follow is to drag the road when the material composing the surface contains sufficient moisture to compact readily, but is not sufficiently wet for traffic to produce mud.

Since the weather plays so important a part in the matter, it is not usually possible to arrange continuous employment for teams on the road. It is, therefore, desirable whenever possible, to have the dragging done by persons interested in the road, who will do it in the intervals of other occupations.

Phone 3, Red Barn, 311 W. Cooper, for first-class hacks and carriages. W. L. Trimble & Co.

Portales Man Shows What can be Done by the Right Kind of Enterprise in the Plains Country of New Mexico.

(Portales News.)

Keen Brothers this week sold 220 head of cattle at good prices. Two hundred of them were sold to Crump & Beard of Farwell and 20 head of cows with calves to J. T. Wince of this place. The Keen Brothers have made a good thing out of cattle this year, as has every man who has given them any kind of a show to make good. A couple of years ago they started in with little or no capital, in fact they did not even have a place to pasture one hoof, let alone a herd. But O'val went to El Paso and commenced a little commission business, putting every dollar he made in this way into cattle and shipping them to Portales, again selling here and buying more, until now he has something like a thousand head of as fine stock cattle as a man would care to look at.

The experience of Mr. Keen in the matter of the cattle business is not much dissimilar to that of every man who has used his head a little and stayed with the business. Take, for instance, Mr. T. M. Anderson, of near Bercho. He came here eight years ago with a family and three or four head of "broom tail" ponies. By good management and thrift, combined with the fact that he put every spare dollar he got hold of into cattle, he has now on his place 75 head of first-class cattle and 20 head of horses and brood mares. Easily this stuff is worth \$10,000. However, his prosperity has but just commenced. His bunch of stuff has but just arrived at that proportion where the natural increase will be much larger, consequently his annual harvest will be more than twice what it was two years ago. Also, the longer he holds his cattle and horses the more rapid will be the increase. Naturally, when one commences with but two or three head the outlook will probably not be so rosy, but even at that you will be surprised at the number of stock you will accumulate in the course of ten years.

Can you point to another man in Roosevelt county who, pursuing the ordinary methods of farming, has one-half the marketable property to show for his efforts as has Mr. Anderson? Do you know of one man in Roosevelt county who has farmed for the market who has averaged as much as \$100 per year net profit? Well, Mr. Anderson has averaged more than \$1,000 per year net profit, and the chances are that he has worked no harder than has the man who has not even made actual expenses. This is no knock on the country; on the contrary it is a boast. There is not another place in the world where the opportunities for our farmers to make money are as good as they are here. The only trouble is that we have too long pursued the wrong methods. Cut out this farming for the market and farm only for feed to carry your stock through the winter. If you have a place on which you can make a living farming, then you have a place where you can get rich raising cattle, hogs and sheep.

**NATION WIDE SHOE MAKING CONTEST IS CONDUCTED BY ARMY**

Washington, July 27.—A nation wide shoemaking contest, just brought to a close by the awarding of two contracts to the winners, produced two hundred and forty pairs of the most perfect samples of military footwear ever manufactured, according to the board of army experts who passed upon them.

"Next to the quality of the gun he carries," said one of these army experts, "more depends upon the condition of the shoe he wears than upon any other factor that goes toward the make-up of an effective soldier."

As a result of this feeling, the United States army quartermasters have evolved a shoe which, they say, makes the American fighting man the best foot soldier in the world. It took over a year of continual and careful experiment before satisfactory results were reached. Countless x-ray photographs were made; the position of the bones of the foot were noted and the anatomy before, during and after marches were studied and compared. All this time different models were tried and theories were worked out. Finally the type of shoe was evolved with its

straight line on the big-toe side, its snug instep and a chance for the toes to lie as freely and naturally as in a moccasin.

When the theory of scientifically covering the foot had been established to the satisfaction of the army experts, various manufacturers placed their plants at the army's disposal in the hope they would be rewarded with the valuable contracts to supply the six thousand pairs worn out in a year's marching for Uncle Sam.

But the quartermaster corps did not limit itself to a single firm. They worked out a system of having each firm submit a sample of what it could do. Two pairs of shoes were offered by each bidder, showing the manufacturer's ability to meet specifications.

The two hundred and forty prize pairs of shoes were the result, and out of these are being selected the standard for the army's future footwear.

## Reviews of New Books at the Public Library

A Stepmother of the Prairie.

Margaret Lynn.

Through the eyes of a little prairie girl who lived in pioneer days the reader sees a fascinating life. Margaret Lynn knows the great west, both from her own years of residence there and from the colorful reminiscences of those who helped to make it what it is today. After Lynn also knows the mind and heart of the child universal. Her story is a fascinating romance—a romance which charms with its delicate humor and the fluency with which it is told, even as it makes more real than ever before the spirit of an age which has passed forever but which played a vital part in the shaping of its history.

They Who Knock at Our Gates.

Mary Antin.

At first glance, the subtitle of this book, "A Complete Gospel of Immigration," will be apt to prejudice the conservative reader against it. It may occur to him that a young woman whose twenty years in America must to a degree have been filled with those preoccupations of general education and of livelihood that beset the struggling immigrant, no matter how potentially brilliant, would hardly be in a position to utter the last word on a question that is admitted to be a knotty one, even by men who have devoted years to a study of it. But criticism of this sort would be most unfair. Miss Antin has not attempted to discuss the subject as a question in economics, which of course it is, nor has she made any serious effort to consider it historically.

She has simply written a popular "gospel" on the theme, enthusiastic, rhetorical, and admirably suited to its purpose—the convincing of people who are already convinced of the truth of its arguments.

You Never Know Your Luck.

Gilbert Parker.

In this novel Sir Gilbert has seen

the folly of wandering far afield and has returned to Canada the scene of his greatest triumphs, for the characters. It is a land the author is perfectly familiar with. He revels in the broad reaches, the azure skies, the fleecy clouds, the hum of the reaper. And having got the stage, he next shows the heroine, one who is "fourthly in tone with the scene. She was a symphony in gold—nothing less. Her hair, her cheeks, her eyes, her laugh, her voice—they were all gold." Rather colorful perhaps but alluring, and the girl is Kitty Tynan. George Ade would say about her that she had risen superior to her environment. Her mother kept a boarding house, and her star boarder is J. G. Kerry, whose rightful customer is Chief Crocker. Crocker is euphemistically referred to as a matrimonial deserter, which means that he left a wife behind him in Ireland who does not know where he is. After some trouble, the story, with Kitty aiding, it works out nicely.

American Policy.

John Bielov.

In this book the author deals with American politics in their broadest aspects—with political problems of the United States and of all America. He explains the Monroe doctrine, distinguishing between the extension and perversion of it; shows its bearing and that of Washington's farewell address upon the present national affairs; and expounds the theory of pan-Americanism in its true relation to the Monroe doctrine. He gives an able and brilliant discussion of problems of permanent interest and vital importance today.

New Books.

Studies in Stage Craft.—Hamilton, No. 12 Washington Square.—Scott, Scientific Management of Railroads.—Louis Brandeis. Railroad Freight Rates.—L. G. McPherson. Motion Study.—F. H. Gilbreath.

ship this year are furnished a handsome badge.

A handsome engraved certificate of membership is also furnished each member. Certificate and badge are in addition to the bronze badge furnished by the state association to all who attend the annual meeting which will be held here this week.

As a result of the personal letter campaign which the state association has been carrying on for some time past there has been a large increase in membership and an excellent attendance is promised for the meeting which opens here Thursday afternoon. Many motorists have promised to send their cars in the motorcade from Albuquerque and it is expected that the state board will be able to secure some excellent pictures for its good roads film as a result. Two cameramen will be on the job during the meeting and will accompany this motorcade from Albuquerque so that nothing of interest or importance will be left out of the films.

Other films will be taken during the meeting, showing the parade through the streets of Santa Fe, the delegates in session, the governor delivering the address of welcome and all other features.

Considerable interest has been taken in the meeting by the big motor publications and New Mexico will attain wide publicity from the event.

THE PRICE SHE PAYS.

There is hardly an American woman nowadays who can keep pace with the demands made upon her time and energy without paying the penalty of ill-health. It may be that dreadful backache, dragging pains, head aches, nervousness or the tortures of a displacement. It is the price she pays. To women in this condition Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound comes as a boon and a blessing. A simple remedy made from roots and herbs which brings glorious health to suffering women.

Norway compels registration and official examination of all moving picture films intended for public exhibition.

Figure with us on Sash Doors, Mouldings and Everything in MILL WORK Superior Lumber & Mill Company

## House Wired?

When the servant is out and you want to do light cooking, the Electric Dish Stove is most convenient. It will prepare the meal in a minute, with no trouble, no flame, and no smoke. Most housekeepers today are using Electricity for the drudgery work about the household, the washing, ironing and sewing can be done so easily and with the saving of one-half the time and labor. The convenience, economy and efficiency of Electricity are indeed most forceful arguments in favor of the House Wired for Electricity. Are you considering wiring? If so, call us up, and we will be glad to tell you what we know about it.

Albuquerque Gas, Electric Light & Power Co.

502 West Central

Phone 98

## ANNE IVES Mascot

By H. M. EGBERT

Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS

(Copyright 1913 by W. G. Chapman)

(Continued from Saturday.)

During this brief conversation the pair had been standing almost cheek by jowl with us. Angry feelings, coupled with humiliation, coursed through my mind, and I felt my face flush intolerably. I was endeavoring with all my power to dodge away from them, when, to my horror, I perceived that Estelle recognized the younger man, and heard her, at my elbow, exclaim in plaintive tones:

"Oh, won't you please take us into the Abbey?"

They spun round in astonishment at this unexpected address. I saw a look of recognition come into the aviator's eyes. He turned to his companion and muttered something; both raised their hats, and with the gallantest of bows, our unknown offered his arm to me. At the same time the elder man offered his own to Estelle. It was so all done so aptly, and took me so by surprise, that I placed my hand mechanically upon the arm that was offered me and followed the old officer and my friend. Luckily at that moment the crowd was cheering the Maharajah of Travancore, under the impression that he was that potentate himself, and so attention was distracted from the little drama in which we played our roles.

Your presence makes this event seem like my own coronation, my bright-haired sun-goddess," whispered my escort, as we passed between two lanes of policemen.

I was so angry I could have struck him. My hair is my most sensitive feature. I have been called "Carrots" in my childhood, and made miserable for days thereby, and Mary Jenner insists that it is emphatically not the poets call "auburn." That horrid little Mr. Spratt, too, who was so unkind to me, had roused my fire one evening by an unctuous allusion which was meant to be complimentary. But I had never before been mocked by a stranger, by a man whose name I did not even know, whom I had met once only, and then as "Competitor No. 6" in an aviation contest. Did he suppose American girls to be so shallow and foolish as to accept these half-baked compliments for genuine? I loathed and hated him then more than I had ever hated anybody before.

However, being a Frenchman, he had the perspicacity to read my emotions in my face.

"Forgive me if I offended, Mademoiselle," he said, humbly. "If you delay we shall not be able to gain admittance. See, that policeman suspects us. Let us go in."

I let him draw my arm through his own. A fatal decision possessed me. I own I did want to see the coronation, and I wanted Estelle to do so, too, if only to save her reputation in her native city of Cedar Plank. Then, too, I was faint from the long standing in the sun, and hardly in full possession of my faculties. As I moved onward toward the Abbey doors, a pace behind the elder man and Estelle, suddenly the cry "Pockpocket" was raised again. I clutched my purse tighter. And then, while I moved on, half conscious, eager only for the cool seclusion of the interior of the building, as in a dream I saw the evil face of the Greek Zeuxis swim before my eyes. The man brushed against my companion. I thought I saw his hand go to his breast pocket, as though to search it. It was the act of a moment; I could not be sure that he had really robbed him, and then the recollection of it was driven from my mind by the most humiliating catastrophe.

Zeuxis swept past me; there was a little rush of spectators; somebody struck my hand, and my purse flew from it and disappeared right in the hollow top of one of the old gentleman's buff boots. And he walked on serenely unconscious of the disaster, carrying my \$500 and the key to the vault which held my Panama bond!

Suddenly the murmur of a thousand subdued voices broke upon my ears, and a grateful coolness relieved my tired eyes. We were within the Abbey, marching up one of the aisles as though by right equivalent with that of the five hundred peers and peeresses in brilliant robes, who sat dandling their coronets upon their knees and looking uncommonly commonplace and unimportant in that vast Gothic building.

While my mind hurriedly ran through all the possibilities of my situation, the elder gentleman bowed Estelle to the seat which the usher offered them and ceremoniously departed, to take up his station at the side of the French ambassador, among a little group of foreign dignitaries near the high altar. He brushed past me in his high buff boots—and, for the present, at least, my purse was lost to me. I prayed fervently that his duties did not call for his kneeling; I would not trust my property even among the peers and their ladies, should it roll out of his boot-top!

Well, for the present there was nothing to be done. My escort sat beside me, and Estelle, who peered repeatedly toward the altar. We two

had not a good sight of the proceeding, but we did not care. We were engrossed with the novelty and grandeur of our situation—at least I knew I was, even though my hatred for this man was becoming insupportable.

Whether or not I actually saw the crowning of King George I have not the smallest idea. I know the organ pealed and tenor voices sang anthems, and that from time to time we rose upon our feet and then sat down again. In that kaleidoscope series of changeable coloring, those swaying, moving, loyal crowds, we were as solitary as travelers in a desert of phantasmic sands.

"Will you not tell me your name, sun-goddess?" besought my companion. "I sought you everywhere that afternoon; I was disconsolate."

"You sought me?" I answered, sharply. "Why, you had not the common courtesy to wait until I had recovered from my fright."

"Fright!" he repeated. "It was the change of temperature that made mademoiselle faint, not fright."

This was ingenious. In spite of my hate of him, I felt slightly mollified.

"Why didn't you wait?" I asked, and then I asked myself for having asked it. He hung his head, quite like a boy.

"I'll tell you, sun-goddess," he answered. "The fact is—my grandfather is one of the French military embassy, you know."

So that was his grandfather! I had thought the old gentleman his father. He looked hardly over sixty.

"My grandfather is eighty-four," he said, smiling, as though he read my thoughts. When you have favored me with your name I shall tell you our own; it is a name well-known in the annals of France. On account of some pride of his—your know he has old-fashioned ideas, sun-goddess—he declared that, if I insisted on flying, I should do so thoughtfully. Besides, though I have no official rank here except that of army captain, I am really here on quite an important mission on behalf of the French foreign office. You will understand, therefore, how essential it was that, on the eve of the coronation, our name should not become the common property of the public. Accordingly, I hurried away to change my clothes after the flight, being sure that when I returned to the grounds, unrecognized, I should find you there and be privileged to offer you my most respectful thanks and homage. Imagine my chagrin, then, to discover that you and your companion had disappeared. I was disconsolate."

"You thought more of your machine than you did of me," I said, and next moment I could have bitten my tongue. I hastened to add that it made no difference to me.

It was bewildering, the medley of emotions that this young Frenchman inspired in me. Hate was predominant, but yet, perhaps because of my own French blood, I found his presence stimulating, inspiring. He was so different from Mr. Spratt!

"Your grandfather?" Estelle stammered, looking at me with mingled awe and amazement.

"And I have got to start for Paris by the night train," I continued, without leaving her time to recover her breath. "Do you happen to know of a good pawnbroker round this neighborhood?"

"What do you want a pawnbroker for?" she inquired, staccato.

"To raise the fare," I answered. "My purse was stolen today, and so I want to pawn my watch."

"But you can't go to a pawnbroker," she cried, still more staccato than before, and eyeing me as though I were some new species of animal. "Where are you going to stay?"

"Unless I saw my watch, you may address my letters to the third bench inside the main entrance to the Bois de Boulogne," I answered, calmly.

"But I'll lend you the money, dear," said Estelle, her mind at once diverted to this new problem. "I've got ten pounds I have no use for." Already she was unhooking a drawer of the secretaire. She took out two five-pound notes and thrust them into my hands. "You must take them, Anne," she insisted. "We don't go back on one another in Cedar Plank. And it's only fair payment for getting me into the Abbey and saving my reputation at home."

"You dear thing!" I said, pocketing the bills. "When I get my bonds from the Paris bank I shall return this promptly."

"Where are you going to stay?" cried my companion, branching out along another trail of speculation. "Do you know what a dreadful city Paris is? No single woman should go there, nor any married one, either, until she's thirty-five, at any rate."

"How old are you, Estelle?" I asked.

"Thirty-five," she said, innocently. I went into hysterics quite suddenly; I suppose it was the reaction from the strain of the morning.

"Now, dear, if you go to Paris, do go to the Pension Anglaise," she insisted, when she had shaken and slapped me into sanity, and bathed my face with her deodorant. "Promise me that and I know you'll be well looked after and come to no harm."

"I—I—I promise," I gasped weakly. "But one thing I won't do." I continued, pulling off her wedding ring. "I won't wear this."

And then I realized that, instead of laughing, I was crying. And for my life I couldn't tell why, unless it was with anger against the man who had humiliated me.

My triumph was complete. Now for the denouement! What would it be? Should I enlighten him? Of a truth, so bewildered was I by the complexity of my feelings that I did not know what I was going to say or do. I fingered his card idly and waited.

As I did so, for the first time I read his name, and I grasped at the air seeking to save myself from falling. For the name upon the card was that

of the Chevalier d'Yves, of Cligny, Normandy, my half-cousin, and his companion was our common grandfather—the man who had turned my father out of his home and sent him to Canada to suffer poverty and despair!

The old hate rose up in my heart again, gripping me so tensely that I could utter no word. I crumpled the pasteboard in my hand and passed out of the pew. I have since come to the conclusion that the archbishop was just then placing the crown upon his majesty's head, for I remember that people looked at me as I passed, as I staggered down the aisle toward the door, and that some cried "Flash!" and others "The Duke of Devonshire!" I remember the buzz of sunlight that beat on me, the eager voices without, the calls for my carriage. Somehow—how I know not—I found my passage clear of the crowd, seeing and hearing nothing distinctly, crossed Parliament square in the face of a hundred policemen, and at last found myself, at midday, in a deserted street close to the Thames embankment.

Even then I did not at first remember that I had lost my purse and key.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### I Sell My Birthright.

(Showing that it is sometimes possible to dispose of what you do not have.)

"Well, Anne," I said to myself, "you certainly have managed your affairs splendidly. Here you are in London, without a penny, and, worse still, without the key to the box in the Paris vaults which contains your fortune."

Angry tears came into my eyes. My scorn for the man who had dishonored my father, and for his grandson, the chevalier, had hitherto supported my spirits; but now, in this realization of my extremity, I felt crushed down by my misfortune. Oh, why hadn't I taken the advice of my room-mate, Mary Jenner, and waited until we could all make up a party to go to England at the close of the school year!

One thing was clear; I must make my way to Paris at once, key or no key, satisfy the banker Magnif as to my identity, and recover my bonds. Doubtless, at a pinch, he would offer me a fair price for them—enough, at any rate, to make the \$500 that I had lost look small. And—this thought buoyed my spirits wonderfully—I should thereby thwart his scoundrelly son Leopold's scheme and prosecute his own revenge against my relatives.

I made my way back to the boarding house. Estelle had not yet returned. When at last she arrived, several hours later, desperately tired but radiant, she clasped me in her arms in a delirium of gratitude.

"Anne, you have saved my reputation," she exclaimed. "If we had not gotten into the Abbey, through the kindness of your mysterious aviator, I should never, never have dared courage to face the folks at Cedar Plank, in, again. Oh, Anne, do you know that old man is a real count, and a general in the army? But why did you run away?"

"I had no wish to continue the acquaintance after I discovered who our friends were," I answered coldly. "The count, as you call him, and my father were not on speaking terms. He is my grandfather."

"Your grandfather?" Estelle stammered, looking at me with mingled awe and amazement.

"And I have got to start for Paris by the night train," I continued, without leaving her time to recover her breath.

"Do you happen to know of a good pawnbroker round this neighborhood?"

"What do you want a pawnbroker for?" she inquired, staccato.

"To raise the fare," I answered. "My purse was stolen today, and so I want to pawn my watch."

"But you can't go to a pawnbroker," she cried, still more staccato than before, and eyeing me as though I were some new species of animal. "Where are you going to stay?"

"Unless I saw my watch, you may address my letters to the third bench inside the main entrance to the Bois de Boulogne," I answered, calmly.

"But I'll lend you the money, dear," said Estelle, her mind at once diverted to this new problem. "I've got ten pounds I have no use for." Already she was unhooking a drawer of the secretaire. She took out two five-pound notes and thrust them into my hands. "You must take them, Anne," she insisted. "We don't go back on one another in Cedar Plank. And it's only fair payment for getting me into the Abbey and saving my reputation at home."

"You dear thing!" I said, pocketing the bills. "When I get my bonds from the Paris bank I shall return this promptly."

"Where are you going to stay?" cried my companion, branching out along another trail of speculation. "Do you know what a dreadful city Paris is? No single woman should go there, nor any married one, either, until she's thirty-five, at any rate."

"How old are you, Estelle?" I asked.

"Thirty-five," she said, innocently. I went into hysterics quite suddenly; I suppose it was the reaction from the strain of the morning.

"Now, dear, if you go to Paris, do go to the Pension Anglaise," she insisted, when she had shaken and slapped me into sanity, and bathed my face with her deodorant. "Promise me that and I know you'll be well looked after and come to no harm."

"I—I—I promise," I gasped weakly. "But one thing I won't do." I continued, pulling off her wedding ring. "I won't wear this."

And then I realized that, instead of laughing, I was crying. And for my life I couldn't tell why, unless it was with anger against the man who had humiliated me.

My triumph was complete. Now for the denouement! What would it be? Should I enlighten him? Of a truth, so bewildered was I by the complexity of my feelings that I did not know what I was going to say or do. I fingered his card idly and waited.

As I did so, for the first time I read his name, and I grasped at the air seeking to save myself from falling. For the name upon the card was that

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

The HERALD Want Ads get the best results.